

## NICE TALK WITH A GHOST.

**PROF. DOLBEARE OF TUFTS RE-  
PORTS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.**

**He Slept in the House of the Late M. G. Farmer, Whose Ghost Came to His Bedside and Proved Its Identity by a Peculiar Trick with Its Fingers—Prof. Dolbeare's Story.**

Boston, Aug. 11.—Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, who is well known as an electrical expert, says he has not only seen a ghost, but has conversed with it. He says it proved its identity to him by performing a peculiar trick with its shadowy fingers that no other ghost could have done. Prof. Dolbear's story reached the ears of the Society for Psychological Research and he is marked man from this time on.

Prof. Dolbear has just returned from Ellipton, Me., where the convention of the American In-

attitude of Electrical Engineers was held in honor of Moses G. Farmer, one of the pioneer inventors in the field of electricity. Just half a century before to a day Mr. Farmer had operated successfully an electric car at Dorset, N. H. During many years of his life Mr. Farmer lived at "Bitter Sweet," a homestead place, where he died a few years ago, and where his daughter,

stitute of Electrical Engineers was held in honor of Moses G. Farmer, one of the pioneer inventors of electricity. Just half a century before to a date, Farmer had operated successfully an electric car at Dover, N. H. During many years of his life Mr. Farmer lived at "Bitter Sweet," a homestead place, where he died a few years ago, and where his daughter, Miss Sarah J. Farmer, still lives. Miss Farmer entertained Prof. Dolbear, and on last Sunday the professor slept in a room somewhat noted for the late Mr. "Sam" Brown's doors. It is on the second floor, a small, narrow room, that is light, airy, and comfortable. Its most notable feature is its collection of doors. The seven are all just alike, and apparently of the

"Let me tell you something about that room," said Prof. Dolbear, "or, rather, about something that happened to me there. I had been talking of Farmer with his daughter that evening, and when I turned in I was thinking of him. How long I lay there before sleeping, or whether I went to sleep at all, I do not know, but presently I was conscious of some presence

Farmer standing by the bed. At least I recognized the figure as that of Farmer, and I was surprised, but I do not recall that I was very much startled. 'Hello,' he said, or something of that sort—a salutation, at all events. I replied in kind, and said, 'Who are you?' 'I am Farmer,' was the answer, and he held out his hand to me.

"I shook hands with him, and I thought as I

"How shall I know you are Farmer?"

"But how shall I know it is Farmer's hand?"

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I tried to imitate him. I could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and, of course, I was unable to perform the little trick the figure disappeared materialized over the vision, or dream, or what you

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the darkness, he held up his hand, and I saw that he might see it, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," said Farmer's hand. The crowd took up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I thought I had been tricked. I could not do it without the assistance of the other fingers. I saw that the man was performing the little trick the figure disappeared. I puzzled over the vision, or dream, or what you will, and I was not able to get to sleep. In the morning I saw the figure in the newspaper. I told Miss Farmer of my dream. She said it was a great interest. When I came to the trick of the hand, she said:

"That," she said, when illustrated as best I could, "was a favorite little trick of my father's. I have seen him do it many times."

"It appears," Prof. Dolbear concluded, "that we have been deceived."

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, Sullivan was holding out his hand that he might see it, but I was too drowsy to make anything for granted, so I said:

"—I'll show you my finger," he replied, and when he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I could not see it, I said he could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the trick he took the gure disappeared. I puzzled over the vision, or dream, or what you please, for some time, but then I once more chose to sleep. I was awake and saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I went to the office to tell my father of the great interest. When I came to the office the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"Could you not see it?" he asked, as best he could, "was a favorite little trick of my father's; few people could do it."

—Dorothy D. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he was explaining, when the acquaintance came to an informal end, he would take out his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have described, to tell me that it was a little thing, perhaps, but according to the way we all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark he held the candle in his hand that he might see it, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"How show me that?" to Farmer's hand."

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a way that I tried to imitate him. I could not do it, and he then, by the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the little trick the figure disappeared. I puzzled over the vision determined to make my own choice, for some time, but then I once more went to sleep—I had been awake—and I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told Miss Farmer of my experience, to her very great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers, she looked at me and said:

"That," she said, when illustrated as best I could, "was a favorite little trick of my father's few years ago."

"It appears," Prof. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he took a fancy, he would perform this little trick, an informal footling; it was his way to hold out his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have just shown you. It is a very simple thing, a little thing, perhaps, but peculiar to the man. We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

Occur in the Thirteenth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at Grand and Clinton streets. He and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as Fort Sullivan. He died there on Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark room it was impossible to see what he might see to, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"What is it? Is it Farmer's hand?"

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and he peculiar way that he held up one of the fingers in such a manner that I could not do it without the assistance of the other fingers, and while I was trying to perform the little trick the figure disappeared. I puzzled over the vision, or dream, or what you please, for some time, but then I once more went to sleep—if I had been awake—and I saw the same thing again the next morning.

"That was a fine illustration of your great interest. When I came to the trick of the foot, I took care to make it as difficult as possible."

"That," she said, when illustrated as best I could, "was a favorite little trick of my father's; few people could do it."

"It appears," Prof. Dolbear concluded, "that we have seen Farmer's hand. As the audience took a liking, though the acquaintance came to an informal footing, it was his way to hold out one finger and look at it." He then turned to me and showed how to say, "can you do that?" It was a simple matter, and I performed it easily.

"We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

#### DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.

One of the Thirtieth Ward's Most Noted Men Has Passed Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried today from his home at Grand and Clinton streets. The Thirtieth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as Fort Sullivan during the last Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man who knew him, was born in Ireland, in 45 Willett street on July 14, 1837. He was led down here he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, as he was holding out his hand, he might see it, but I was too drowsy to be asking for granted, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I could not see it. I could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the little trick, the gure disappeared and I was puzzled over the vision, or dream, or what you will, as I said, but then I once more saw the figure. I was puzzled, but I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told the others, but they were not at all of great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"The other hand," Dolbear concluded, as best I could, "was a favorite little trick of my father; few people could do it."

"The other hand," Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he was not well known the acquaintance came to him in an informal fashion, the acquaintance came to him by hand, crooking his finger in the way I have just told you about. It was a favorite little trick, perhaps, but peculiar to the man. We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

One of the Thirteenth Ward's most prominent Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon on the corner of Grand and Clinton streets, and was known as Fort Sullivan. He died on the Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in 45 at 45 Clinton street, and was the youngest of fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was still in his blood, and he enlisted again in the Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirteenth ward. He was a picturesque character, with a long white mustachio and Grand Army slouch hat. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic, and was Vice-Commander of the department and was Vice-Commander of the foundation of the State of New York.

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"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, I saw something on his hand that I might see if, but I was too dazed by what now might have been a trick or some new thing being granted, so I said:

"...I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a way that I didn't believe it could possibly be anything else without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the feat myself I became convinced that he had sized over the vision, or dream, or what you please, for some time, but then I once more went to sleep—because I couldn't see anything more of the figure. In the morning I went back to the place where I had seen him first, and I was surprised to find that he was of great interest. When I came to the door, she, the girl who lived there, looked at me astonished.

"The fellow has been here as best I could," was a favorite little trick of my father's few people could do it."

Dorothy B. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he took a liking, when the acquaintance came to its end, he would make a point of showing her his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have described, saying, 'can you do that?'" It was a little thing, perhaps, but it was a very interesting thing, particularly in view of the fact that we all have minor characteristics by which we may be known.

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD**

One of the Thirtieth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passed Away Suddenly

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day at his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirtieth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as the home of Dan Sullivan. He died there Monday evening of hemiplegia, after having been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in 48 Willett street on July 14, 1844. When a boy he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Second New York Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was on him and he soon enlisted again in the Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirtieth ward. He was a picturesque character with his waxed whiskers and hair, and a pair of bushy eyebrows. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic from its inception, and was a member of the Department of the State of New York National Guard Committee. When the G. A. R. became a factor in politics, he was elected to the position of president of the organization, and his friends who were equal to the occasion organized the Thirtieth ward committee to elect him to his saloon. Danny O'Brien, clerk of the Judicial District Civil Court, then presided over the election, and he was elected by a vote of 107. It was composed of nearly 1,000 men from all parts of the United States, many of whom had fought in the Civil War. The organization was as a joke, but it was some years before the regular Grand Army organization discovered the joke, and since then they have campaigned, outings, and parades and become famous for their doings.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the ward and once a year in the old days he used to give a large supper party at his home in Pitt street to Norton's Point on a steamer and give a clam bake for them. He prided himself upon his good nature and his willingness to help those who asked for aid, but he was also well posted for those who used profane language.

I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark room, he held up his hands, and they might see it, but I was determined to keep him from getting away without something being granted, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar manner that I could not tell what it could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the little trick to figure disappeared, he gazed over the vision, or dream, or what you will, as if he had been awake—no more sleeping—if I had been awake—no more nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told Dennis Farmer of my experience, to her very great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"You are the first person I have ever seen who could," was a favorite little trick of my father; for he could do it.

"It appears," Prof. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he chose to make an impression, he would give an informal feeling, it was his way to hold them in his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have described, so that he could get a good view of their little thing, perhaps, but peculiar to the man. We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

**One of the Thirtieth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passes Away.**

Dennis Sullivan will be buried today from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirtieth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon open in the house where he lived, and he was known as Fort Sullivan. He died there on Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

Sullivan was once called by almost every name, woman, and child, in the city, and he was in 45 Willist street on July 14, 1864. When a lad of fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was still upon him, and he again joined the Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled in the Thirtieth ward. He was famous in pictures in character studies, and waxen mustachios and Grand Army slouch hats were worn by him in the Thirtieth ward, and the Grand Army of the Republic from its foundation and was Vice-Commander of the local organization for many years before and afterward Commander. When the G. A. R. became a factor in politics several of "Dinny's" friends thought he was too old to take part in politics what was called Dover Post, and met over Judicial District Civil Court, clerk in the Fifth Precinct, and was elected to the position under Tim Campbell, was the leader of the organization, and he was one of the few men who had taken all parts of the United States, 1909 of whom had not been in the war. "Dinny" regarded the organization as his life, and he was one of the few men who were regular Grand Army organization district campfires, and he was one of the few men who were campfires, and he was one of the few men who were famous.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the ward and once a year in the old days he used to take the pupils of St. Mary's Parochial School to the fair at Madison Square Garden, and he would give a clambake for them. He prided himself on keeping an orderly saloon and had a warning sign posted above the door that read: "No drinking here." His funeral will be attended by delegations from G. A. R. posts all over the country.

**HE DISAPPEARED ON TUESDAY.**

Yesterday Mrs. Parents Received a Letter Announcing That Her Son Had Disappeared.

ALBANY, Aug. 11.—Walter E. Myers, 34 years of age, a clerk in a shoe store, and who

[illegible]

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the darkness, holding up his hand, he said I might see it, but I was determined not to let anything for granted, so I said:

"What is it? Is it Farmer's hand?"

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I could not tell whether or not it did without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform this little trick, he suddenly turned around and looked over the vision, or dream, or what you will, to sleep—if I had been awake, I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told him about it, and he seemed to take great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"That is all right," he said, "as best I could, was a favorite little trick of my father; few people could do it."

"All right," Dolbear concluded, "if whenever Farmer met a person to whom he was inferior, when the acquaintance came to an informal close, he would make a sign by crooking his finger in the way I have described, and if he were talking of something, perhaps, but peculiar to the man. We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known."

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

One of the Thirteenth Ward's Most Interesting Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as Fort Sullivan, until last Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in the city of New York, and after having completed fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever still clung to him, and he soon enlisted again in Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirteenth ward. He was distinguished by a pair of bushy white mustaches and Grand Army Mouch hair. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic since its foundation and was Vice-Commander of the Department of the State of New York and afterward of the United States. Mr. A. H. Regeant was a factor in politics several of "Dinny's" men who were equal to the occasion organized his saloon. Danny O'Brien, clerk in the Fifth Precinct, and John J. Connelley, assisted over by Tim Campbell, was the leader of the organization. It was composed of nearly 1,000 men from the Thirteenth ward, and although it was not been in the war. "Dinny" regarded the organization as a joke, but it was some years before he was able to get it broken up. He uncovered the joke. Meanwhile Dover Post held a series of picnics, outings, and parades and became famous.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the neighborhood, and for many days he used to take the pupils of St. Mary's Parochial school in Pitt Street to Norton's Point as a steamer and for the pleasure of the children. His popularity on keeping an orderly saloon and had a warning posted for those who used profane language. He will be attended by the Coroner's men from G. A. R. posts all over the country.

**HIS INSAFECED ON TUESDAY**

Yesterday His Parents Received a Letter Announcing That He Intended to Kill Himself.

ALBANY, Aug. 11.—Walter E. Myers, 24 years of age, a clerk in a shoe store, and who lived with his parents at 268 Clinton avenue, disappeared on Sunday night. His mother today mail his parents received a letter from him announcing his intention to kill himself and saying that he would be dead by noon. He sent in an envelope the key to his employer's store, and had been given credit for \$150 in fifteen months he has made frequent declarations that he would destroy himself. On Tuesday he read the accounts of his disappearance in the papers and spoke of them to his employer, saying that he was sorry that he had been absent. His mother had been faithful to him and that he had employed a private detective to watch her,

**EXPULSED FROM FRANCE.**

But Planners Say He Is Not an Anarchist, but

"I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, I saw something on his hand that I might see if, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"...I'll show you my finger," it is Farmer's hand? and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a manner as to make me think that I could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the trick I felt that I had been deceived. He did not overdo the vision, or dream, or what you choose, for some time, but then I once more went to sleep. When I awoke I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I took some remark of my experience, to my great interest. I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"It is all right," he illustrated as best he could, "was a favorite little trick of my father; few people could do it."

The old man, Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he took a liking, when the acquaintance came to him, he would always make a sign with his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have shown you, saying, 'can you do that?' It was a very simple thing, and I am sure that we may know."

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

One of the Thirteenth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at 170 West Third street, and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as Fort Sullivan. He died there on Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years. Sullivan had commanded Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in 48 Willett street on July 14, 1844. When a lad of fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, New York City Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was on him, and he soon enlisted again in Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down to a quiet life, but he was still a picturesque character with his waxed mustaches and Grand Army slouch hat. He was elected to the office of president of the Grand Army of the Republic from its foundation and was Vice-Commander of the local post for many years before and afterward Commander. When the G. A. R. became active in political work of "Dinny" friends who were equal to the occasion organized what was called Dover Post, and met over at the Hotel Hamilton, located in the Fifth Judicial District Civil Court, then presided over by Tim Campbell, was the leader of the organization. It was composed of men from all parts of the United States, 1909 of whom had not been in the war. "Dinny" regarded the organization as a joke, but he was nevertheless the regular Grand Army organization discredited the joke. Meanwhile Dover Post held court at the hotel and gradually became famous.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the ward and once a year in the old days used to take the pupils of St. Mary's Parochial School to the depot and send them off on their journey giving a clambake for them. He got on a steamer and gave an orderly saloon and had a warning of the ship's collision with a cargo vessel. His funeral will be attended by delegations from the G. A. R. posts all over the country.

**HE DISAPPEARED ON TUESDAY.**

Yesterday His Parents Received a Letter Announcing That He Intended to Kill Himself.

**ALBANY, Aug. 11.—**Walter E. Myers, 24 years old, a clerk in a shoe store, and who lived with his parents at 60 West Second street, disappeared on Tuesday night, and his today-mailed his parents received a letter from him announcing his intention to kill himself and saying that he would be dead by noon. He sent in an envelope the key to his employer's store.

Myers' mother has been married sixteen months; he has made frequent declarations that he would destroy her and marry his wife. The accounts of the many suicides in Albany and spoke of them to his employer, saying that he would kill her and marry his wife. The woman had been unfaithful to him and that he had employed a private detective to watch her.

**EXPULSED FROM FRANCE.**

But Plannas Says He Is Not an Anarchist, but a Cuban Patriot.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

**PARIS, Aug. 11.—**An anarchist named Plannas was expelled from France, and is being escorted by the police from Paris to Havre, where he will embark for New York.

Plannas protests that he is not an Anarchist, but a Cuban patriot.

The above despatch refers to Manuel Plannas,

[illegible]

I will show you my hand," he said. In the darkness, he held up his hand, and I might see it, but I was determined to let him go without granting, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," he said.

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way, and while I was trying to perform the little trick to which he had referred, he seized over the vision, or dream, or what you please, to sleep—if I had been awake I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told Miss Farmer of my experience, which she took great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"You are a very good fellow," as best I could, "was a favorite little trick of my father's; perhaps you could do it."

"I appear," Mr. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he was indebted, he would enlaced against him, as an informal footing, it was his way to come to his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have described, so that if he were asked to give him anything, perhaps, but peculiar to the man." We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known.

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD**

One of the Thirteenth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house at Grand and Clinton streets, which was known as Fort Sullivan. He died there on Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man who knew him, was born in Ireland, in 48 Willis street on July 14, 1837, and lived of fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was still upon him, and he again enlisted in Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirteenth ward. He was a picturesque character, well liked, and was mustachios and Grand Army slouch hat. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic from its foundation and was Vice-Commander of the local organization, the No. 10, and afterward Commander. When the G. A. R. became a factor in politics several of "Dinny's" friends were disappointed, and the occasion organized what was called Dover Post, and met over his saloon. Dinny O'Brien, clerk in the Judicial Department, was elected president, and John Campbell, was the leader of the organization. It was composed of nearly 1,000 men from all parts of the city. "Dinny" regarded the organization as a joke, and he refused to become a member of the regular Grand Army organization discovered the joke. Meanwhile Dover Post held court, and "Dinny" was famous.

"Dinny" was popular with the old-timers in the ward and on the corner, and he often took to take the pupils of St. Mary's Parochial School to the corner where he lived, and they would give a clambake for them. He was noted for keeping an orderly saloon and had a warning sign posted above the door, saying: "No Fighting Here. His funeral will be attended by delegations from G. A. R. posts all over the country.

**HE DISAPPEARED ON TUESDAY**

Yesterday His Parents Received a Letter Announcing That He Intended to Kill Himself.

ALBANY, Aug. 11.—Walter E. Myers, 24 years of age, a son of Mrs. J. W. Myers, who lived with his parents at 265 Clinton avenue, disappeared on Tuesday night, and by to-day's mail his parents received a letter from him announcing his intention to kill himself and saying that he would be dead by noon. He sent in his wedding ring, and also a note to his mother. Myers has been melancholy, and for eighteen months he has made frequent declarations that he would kill himself. He has killed three cats, and the accounts of the many suicides in New York City have not helped him. His mother says that he would end his life soon. His father says that a woman had intended to marry him and that he had employed private detective to watch her.

**EXPULSED FROM FRANCE**

HAVE HE NO HOME IN THE CUBAN PATRIOT.

Special Cable Despatch to THE STS.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—An Anarchist named Planas was expelled from France to-day, and conducted by the police from Paris to Havre, where he will call on the Cuban Patriot.

Planas protests that he is not an Anarchist, but a Cuban patriot.

A recent despatch refers to Manuel Planas, a native of Bayamo, Cuba, who, as reported in THE STS. on August 9, was expelled from the Spanish penal colony in the Chafarinas Islands, because he had written a paper in support of the Cuban patriot, Gen. Calixto Garcia.

Friends of Planas here said last night that the report that he had been expelled from the pharmacist should have become an anarchist dangerous enough to be expelled from France.

**Deserted His Bride in New York**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 11.—Chamney Maxfield of Warren has asked the police to look for Augustus Schneider, who was married to Maxfield's daughter (Carrie) a few days ago, and deserted her in New York while they were on their wedding journey. Miss Maxfield is twenty years of age, but her husband is only sixteen.

[illegible]

I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, the other man looked at his hand as if he might see it, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I tried to make out what he could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform this little trick he took advantage of the opportunity to look over the vision or dream, or what you will, of the time, but then I once more told him to sleep—if I had been awake I saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told Miss Farmer that I had experienced no great interest. When I came to the trick of the fingers she looked at me astonished.

"Why did she say that?" asked my best friend, "was a favorite little trick of my father; few people could do it."

Dennis Sullivan, who I met at the home of Mr. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he was an informal doctor, he would have to hold out his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have described." He said he had never seen anything like this, perhaps, but peculiar to the man. We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known.

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

One of the Thirteenth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passes Away.

Dennis Sullivan will be buried today from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirteenth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in 40 Pitt street open till late hours of the night, and was well known as Far Fullaway, and was killed Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in 40 Pitt street, on a lot owned by A. J. McLaughlin, and after he was twelve months old of fourteen he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer in the Sixty-third Regiment, Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever still gripped him and he soon enlisted again in Meagher's Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirteenth ward. He was a victrola man, and he had a good deal of waxed mustachios and Grand Army touch bar. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic since its organization and was Vice-Commander of the Department of the State of New York and Commander of the Thirteenth Ward. As a factor in politics several of "Dinny's" friends who were equal to the occasion organized a political party named "The Dinny Club" in his saloon. Dan O'Brien, clerk in the Fifth Judicial District, was the first president organized by Tim Campbell, was the leader. The organization was composed of nearly 1,000 men from all parts of the city, and many of them had not been in the war. "Dinny" regarded the organization as a joke, but it was some years before he told Miss Farmer that he had long since uncovered the joke. Meanwhile Dover Post held conferences, outings, and parades and became famous.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the neighborhood, and he used to go out every day to take the pupils of St. Mary's P. S. school in Pitt street to Norton's Point on a steamer and sail to a pleasure beach. He was very particular on keeping an orderly saloon and had a warning posted for those who used profane language. His general will be attended by arrangements from G. A. R. posts all over the country.

**HE DISAPPEARED ON TUESDAY.**

Yesterday His Parents Received a Letter Announcing That He Intended to Kill Himself.

ALBANY, Aug. 11.—Walter E. Myers, 34 years of age, a clerk in a shoe store, and whose parents live at 265 Clinton avenue, disappeared on Tuesday last. His mother received his parents received a letter from him announcing his intention to kill himself and saying that he would be dead by noon. He sent in an envelope the key to his employer's store.

The boy has been here only six days. He seemed to have made frequent declarations that the accident would destroy himself. On Tuesday he read the account of the death of a young man in New York and spoke of them to his employer, saying that his firm would be attacked by a mob because the man had been unfaithful to him and that he had employed a private detective to watch him.

**EXPELLED FROM FRANCE.**

But Planas Says He Is Not an Anarchist, but a Cuban Patriot.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—An anarchist named Planas was expelled from France today, and conducted by the police from Paris to Havre, where he will embark for New York.

It is reported that he is not an Anarchist, but a Cuban patriot.

The above dispatch refers to Manuel Planas, a pharmacist of Bayamo, Cuba, who, as reported in THE SUN on July 7, escaped to France from the Spanish peninsula after being banished there islands in company with Justo Garcia, a son of the late President of Cuba, General Garcia.

Friends of Planas here said yesterday night that they could not believe that the peaceful Bayamo pharmacist should be charged with being dangerous enough to be expelled from France.

**Deserted His Bride in New York.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 11.—Chauncey Maxfield Schneider has asked the police to look for Augustus Schneider, who he says deserted his wife's daughter (Carrie) a few days ago, and deserted her in New York while they were on their wedding journey. Miss Maxfield is less than 19 years of age, but gave her age as over 16, in the affidavit presented by her father, Chauncey Maxfield, to New York from Providence, and at the Federal Criminal Dept. Schneider left his bride under the pretense that he was going to Providence. It was the last moment of July 18.

**FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.**  
Special Bargains.  
**ROUND REED TABLES,**  
Shellac, red or green finish,  
\$2.75.

I will show you my hand," he said. In the dark, I saw the outline of his hand, but I might see it, but I was determined to take nothing for granted, so I said:

"I'll show you my finger," he replied, and then he crooked up one of the fingers in such a peculiar way that I tried to tell him that he could not do it without the assistance of the other hand, and while I was trying to perform the little trick the figure disappeared. I puzzled over the vision, or dream, or what you want to call it, for some time, but then I once more went to sleep—I had been awake—and saw nothing more of the figure. In the morning I told my father about it, and he told me of great interest. When I came to the house where she looked at me astonished.

"You must have been dreaming," as best I could, was a favorite little trick of my father; few people could do it.

"But how," Mr. Dolbear concluded, "that whenever Farmer met a person to whom he took a liking, when the acquaintance came to leave, he would try to make him forget his hand, crooking his finger in the way I have just described, saying, 'can you do that? It was a little thing, perhaps.'"

We all have minor characteristics by which we may be known.

**DINNY SULLIVAN DEAD.**

One of the Thirtieth Ward's Most Noted Characters Passed Away

Dennis Sullivan will be buried to-day from his home at Grand and Clinton streets, and the Thirtieth ward will mourn the loss of one of its most conspicuous characters. For nearly a quarter of a century Sullivan kept the saloon in the house where he lived and which was known as the Sullivan place. He died there on Monday of hemorrhage of the brain. He had been ill for several years, but had continued to command Fort Sullivan until a short time ago.

"Dinny," as he was called by almost every man, woman, and child in the ward, was born in 48 Willett street on July 14, 1844. When a small boy he ran away from home and enlisted as a drummer, but six weeks later joined the Third Irish Brigade. He served two years at the front and then returned home, but the war fever was on him and he soon enlisted again in the Third Irish Brigade. After the war he settled down in the Thirtieth ward. He was a picturesque character with his waxed moustaches and Grand Army slouch hat. He had been prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic from its inception, and was a member of the committee of the Department of the State of New York and afterwards Commander. When the O. A. R. became a factor in politics, Dinny's friends who were equal to the occasion organized the Philadelphia Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, and he was elected to the Fifth Judicial District Civil Court, and presided over an informal court. It was composed of nearly 1,000 men from all parts of the United States, many of whom had not been in the war. The organization was regarded as a joke, but it was some years before the regular Grand Army organization discovered the existence of the Philadelphia campfires, outings, and parades and became antagonistic to them.

"Dinny" was popular with the young folks in the ward and once a year in the old days he used to give a couple of hundred dollars to the boys in Pitt street to Norton's Point on a steamer and give a clambake for them. He prided himself on being the first in the ward to get a license registered for those who used profane language. His funeral will be attended by delegations from G. R. posts all over the country.

**HE DISAPPEARED ON TUESDAY.**

Yesterday His Parents Received a Letter Announcing That He Intended to Kill Himself

ALBANY, Aug. 11.—Walter E. Myers, 24 years of age, a clerk in a shoe store, and who lived with his parents at 265 Clinton avenue, disappeared on Tuesday night, and by to-day's mail his parents received a letter from him announcing his intention to kill himself and saying that he would be in jail in ten days. In an envelope the key to his employer's store.

Myers has been melancholy, and for eighteen months has been suffering from depression, so that he would destroy himself. On Tuesday he read the accounts of the many suicides in New York City and decided to follow their example, saying he would end his life soon. He also said that a woman he had loved had married another man, and that he had employed a private detective to watch her.

**EXPELLED FROM FRANCE.**

But Planaas Says He Is Not an Anarchist, but a Cuban Patriot.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—An Anarchist named Planaas was expelled from France to-day, and conducted by the police from Paris to Havre, where he will embark for New York.

Planaas protests that he is not an Anarchist, but a Cuban patriot.

The above despatch refers to Manuel Planaas, a Frenchman of Cuban birth, who is reported in THE SUN on July 7, escaped to France from the Spanish penal settlement in the Chafarinas Islands, and subsequently arrived in Havana, the Cuban capital, ten Calixto Garcia.

Friends of Planaas here said last night that he had been arrested because he was a Cuban anarchist should have become an anarchist dangerous enough to be expelled from France.

**Deserted His Bride in New York**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 11.—Charles Maxwell of Warren has asked the police to look for Augustus Schneider, who was married to Maxwell's daughter Carrie a few days ago, and deserted her in New York while they were on their wedding journey.

Schneider is twenty-one years of age, is 19 years of age, but gave out as being 16 years, in order to obtain a marriage license. The couple sailed for Providence on Friday evening from the Grand Central Depot. Schneider's wife under the pretext of going out to get some sandwiches, left the train and never returned.

That was the last seen of him by his bride.

**PLANT'S FINE FURNITURE.**

Special Bargains.

**ROUND REED TABLES,**

Shaglac, red or green finish.

**\$2.75.**

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**\$2.75.**